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Lusitania Illustrata:

NOTICES

ON THE

HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, LITERATURE, &c.

OF

Portugal.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT. PART II.

MINSTRELSY.

BY

JOHN ADAMSON, K. T. S. & K. C. OF PORTUGAL.

CORRESP. MEMB. ROY. ACAD. OF SCIENCES OF LISBON,
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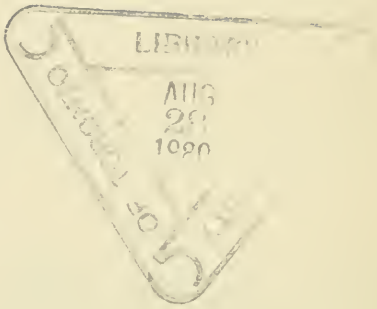

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

Senhor José B. de Almeida-Garrett,

COMMANDER OF THE ORDER OF CHRIST,

&c., &c., &c.

My Dear Friend!

To whom can I dedicate this part of the Lusitania Illustrata with so much justice as to you, from whose works nearly the whole has been compiled.

You will remember when, many years ago, we conversed and corresponded on the subject of the poetical Traditions of your Country; and when

you, prompted by the example of my Countrymen, Percy and others, who had collected our older Ballads, and by the poetical works of Sir Walter Scott, determined to rescue from oblivion the Minstrelsy of Portugal.

You were then an exile in England, and if, during that period, my friendship afforded you any solace, as you have been kindly pleased to intimate; the recollection of our communications is equally a source of pleasure to me. You afterwards returned to Portugal, and have enjoyed place and station, besides having your high literary attainments duly appreciated.

In the present publication I have little to claim. The preliminary remarks are almost all drawn from your own observations. I made as faithful translations as I could of the poems, and the ver-

sification of them is due for the most part to my valued friend the Rev. R. C. Coxe, Vicar of Newcastle upon Tyne.

Trusting that you will long live to increase your literary reputation,

I am, my dear Friend,
Most sincerely yours,
JOHN ADAMSON.

Newcastle upon Tyne, January 1846.

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PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE earliest efforts of Literature in all countries appear in the form of poetical Traditions, many of which have not been consigned to writing until much of the originals has been irretrievably lost.

The Portuguese Literature had its commencement with its imitators of the Troubadours; but, amidst the struggles and noise of warfare, it had small chance of cultivation; and the probability is, that it obtained little amelioration until the time of the king Dom Diniz; who, himself a poet and an able and distinguished scholar, during the calm of peace protected and encouraged it.

From the Reign of Dom Joao I. until the death of Dom Manoel, the arts and sciences kept pace and increased with the national virtue and the national pride. It was at that period that Gil Vicente laid the foundation for a theatre of the living languages, and that Bernardim Ribeiro, taking advantage of the Ro-

manesque Composition of Vasco de Lobeira, brought out the as yet uncultivated Romances of his country.

The Portuguese Language, from its natural suavity of idiom and its melancholy softness, is peculiarly adapted to pastoral poetry; and of these qualities Ribeiro greatly availed himself, being certainly one of the best of the elder bards and writers. What he wanted in the sublime was amply made up for in the sweetness and softness in which he breathed what in Portugal are termed "Saudades"; (we have no corresponding word in English) of which Saudades he was the true relator. Their allurements he had felt and therefore knew full well how to pourtray them.

It is not however with these poets, that we have at present to occupy our attention, we must go to a period before them, when those antient pieces were produced which we are now about to describe; and which have either been preserved in the Cancioneiros, in which we find the productions of some of the Royal Family and Nobles of Portugal; or have descended as traditions and been saved by recitations.

The earliest poetry of Portugal consisted of Trovas, popular Romances, Xacaras or Chacras and Solaōs; distinctions upon which the Senhor de Almeida-Garrett, a most accomplished scholar and one who has given most attention to the subject, does not feel himself competent to decide. We may however consider

them as divided into the Romance, in which the Epic predominates, the poet relating and singing the events —The Xacara or Chacra, where the Dramatic prevails, the poet saying little and leaving nearly all to the personages introduced—and the Solaõ, which is of a more plaintive and Lyric character, expressive of sorrow rather than recounting facts.

Of most of these relics only fragments have been handed down, several of which are found in the Cancioneiros, or dispersed in some of the earliest works of the Portugueze authors. It is to the indefatigable exertions of the Senhor de Almeida-Garrett that not only Portugal but the literary world are indebted for the preservation of so many of these antient pieces. With peculiar elegance he has selected the oldest, and, clothing them in more modern language, given to the public specimens of their interesting Remains.

It was when resident in London, in 1828, that he published a Romance founded on one of these Relics under the title of Adozinda, and which appears as the first article of that portion of his works, which is dedicated to illustrate the Minstrelsy of Portugal.* This poem is too long and the subject is too painful to be admitted in this selection. When it was published the writer of these remarks submitted it and the

* Romanceiro e Cancioneiro Geral. Tomo 1. Lisboa. 12o. 1843, forming part of the works of the Senhor de Almeida-Garrett, in course of publication.

Romance of Bernal-Francez to the late Dr. Southey, who was pleased to signify his unqualified approbation of them and highly to compliment the author. He has promised in a subsequent volume to continue the Romances he has restored, and to accompany them by a collection of other fragments from the best copies he has been able to procure. As the pieces are illustrated, either in the preface, or by notes, we shall hope to derive from this continuation much valuable information on their structure; and may in a subsequent publication give some further account of them.

In his laudable research the author states, that he had been assisted by various literary friends, and he particularly mentions the Senhor Duarte Lessa—Doctor Emygdio Costa—Senhor Rivara, the able and zealous Librarian of the City of Evora—Senhor Rodrigues d'Abreu, the Librarian at Braga—his old and faithful companion Doctor J. Eloy Nunes-Cardoso of Monte-mor-o-novo, and the Senhor Herculano, the keeper of the Royal Library of the Ajuda Palace.

It has been thought right to present to our readers one of the pieces in its original state, as preserved in the oral traditions of the people; with a literal translation. The Romance of Bernal-Francez has been selected for this purpose, as being one of the best known and probably the most antient Chacra which the people sing. Its simple commencement, at the

same time so dramatic, and the melancholy with which it terminates, give to it all the character of the primitive poetry of a heroic people; and afford a good example of the best description of Portugueze popular poetry. That it is originally Portugueze may be inferred from its not having appeared in any of the Castilian Romanceiros. It is the first in our selection from the Senhor de Almeida-Garrett's work.

Romance of Bernal Francez,

AS SUNG BY THE PEOPLE FROM THE OLDEST ORAL TRADITION.

—"QUEM bate á minha porta,
Quem bate, oh! quem 'stá ahi?"
—"Sou Bernal francez, senhora."
—"Minha porta vou abrir.
Mas se é outro cavalleiro,
Bem se póde d'ahi ir."

"Ao descer da minha cama
Eu rompi o meu frandil;
Ao abrir da minha porta
Me apagaram meu candil
Eu lhe peguei pela máo
E o levei ao meu jardim;
Fiz-lhe uma cama de rosas
Rodeada de jasmins;
Lavei-o em agua de flores
E deitei-o a par de mim."

---

* * * *

* * * *

—" Meia noite ja é dada
Sem te virares p'ra mim!
Se témel'os meus irmãos,
Elles nao virao aqui;
Se témel'as minhas filhas,
Ellas náo virão aqui;
Se temel'os meus criados
Elles não virão aqui;
Se temes a meu marido,
Longes terras 'stá d'aqui.
Má traça! matem-no os Mouros
Más novas venham a mim."
—" Não temo aos teus irmãos,
Pois cunhados são de mim;
Não temo das tuas filhas
Pois que filhas são de mim;
A teu marido não temo,
Pois está a par de ti."
—" Se tu és o meu marido,
Quero-te mais do que a mim.
Oh! que sonho tam estranho
Que eu tive agora aqui!"
—" Deixa tu vir a manhan
Que eu te dou para vestir
Um bom saiote de grana,
Bom gibão de cramezim,
Gargantilha de cutello;
Pois tu o queres assim."

* * * *

* * * *

—" Deixa-me ir por 'qui abaixo
Co'a minha capa cahida,
Vou-me ver a minha amada
Se é morta ou se é viva."
—" Tua amada, meu senhor,
E' morta, que eu bem a vi:

Os signaes que ella levava
Eu t'os digo agora aqui;
Levava saia de grana
E gibão de cramezi,
Gargantilha de cutello;
Tudo por amor de ti.
O caixão que a levava
Era de oiro e marfim,
Frades que a accompanhavam
Não tinham conto nem fim;
Ella se foi a enterrar
A' igreja de San Gil."

* * * *

* * * *

—" Abre-te, ó campa sagrada,
Comtigo me quer' cubrir."

* * * *

* * * *

—" Vive, vive, cavalleiro,
Vive tu, que eu ja morri.
Braços com que te abraçava
Ja não teem vigor em si,
Olhos com que te mirava
Ja a terra os cubri',
Boca com que te bejava
Ja não tem sabor em si.
A mulher com quem casares
Chame-se Anna com'a mim;
Filhas que d'ella tiveres
Ensina-as melhor que a mim,
Que se não percam por homens
Como m'eu perdi por ti."

Translation.

"Who is it at my portal knocks—
Who knocks—oh who, unto me state"—
"I Bernal the Frenchman Lady am"—
"Ah then I'll ope for you the gate.
If other Cavalier thou art,
'Twere well thou should'st from hence depart."

"From my bed, in the descent,
I my undergarment rent;
When the door was open thrown
The lamp went out—the light was flown—
By the hand I then him led
Into my bower, and made a bed
Of Roses, which I circled round
And with lovely jasmine bound;
I waters took, from flow'rets sweet
Distill'd by me, to lave his feet—
And then I laid him by my side
A place wherein he should abide."

"Now the midnight hours flee,
Yet thou turnest not to me.
If 'tis my Brothers that you fear
They will none of them come here—
If 'tis my daughters cause you fear
They will none of them come here—
If 'tis my servants that you fear
They will none of them come here.
If Husband mine cause you alarm,
His absence far keeps you from harm;
And should the Moors to death him doom,
Worse news than that to me might come."

"I of your brothers have no fear,
Brothers in law are they to me;
Nor of your daughters were they here—

Daughters to me as well as thee.—
Of your Husband I've no fears
For close to thee he now appears."
"Oh if thou art my Husband dear
Lov'd by me more than self art thou—
Oh from what dream so strange and drear
Have I just awaken'd now."
"Wait thee until morning come,
When I will give thyself to clad
Of purple vest a cassock good,
A cloak of crimson with a hood,
A knife shall be thy necklace sad
Since thou hast chosen so thy doom."

"Here concealed within my cloak
Let me descend my love to see—
Upon her form I wish to look
Whether alive or dead she be."
"Thine own belov'd, oh Senhor mine!
Is dead as well these eyes did see;
Of what she wore the fatal sign
I will now explain to thee.
Of purple vest a cassock good,
A cloak of crimson with a hood;
A knife her necklace sad did prove
All worn to shew for thee her love.
The Box that did her corpse enfold
Was made of ivory and of gold,
The Friars, who did the right attend,
Were without count and without end;
And in the chapel of Saint Gil
Her body there a grave does fill."

"Oh sacred Earth—oh open thee
That I with thee may cover'd be."

"Live thou, Cavalier! live thou
Live thou, although now dead am I;
No vigour in these arms is now,
Where thou in soft embrace did'st lie—
The eyes which on you gave kind look
Now by earth cover'd dim are grown;
From mouth, whence kisses sweet you took,
The honey all is gone and flown.
The lady who thy wife may be
Call her Anna as my name;
The daughters she may bear to thee
Oh teach them to avoid my shame;
That after men they ne'er may flee,
As I have lost myself for thee."

The second piece in our selection, "A Noite de San Joao," was composed from pleasing recollections of the popular songs, in which the Author, in his infancy, had heard the people of the Minho province celebrate the Night of Saint John. The remembrance of the bonfires on this night also in the neighbourhood of Lisbon warmed his imagination when far distant from home. The poem was composed we learn at San Miguel in the Azores at the Quinta of his old and estimable friend the Senhor José Leite. The plant burnt in the fires was the Artichoke.

The third of the series, Rosalinda, evinces all the luxuriant freshness of primitive poetry; and, notwithstanding the unfortunate end to the adventures, all that is loathsome in sepulture vanishes—a beautiful tree and blooming rosary reproduce in new

and changed forms the bodies of the Lovers. Life does not die, only changes; and, although attempts are made to destroy, yet the impassioned renewals cannot be prevented. This image has been popular throughout Europe, where we find it in the Romances and Solãos of all the people composing the circuit of the Romano-Celtic, Romano-Tuetonic, or Celtic-Tuetonic Race—perhaps the most correct would be to say the latter. It is not known where the original idea was entertained. The Romance of Prince Robert,* published by Sir Walter Scott from oral traditions, terminates with the following verses, which approximate nearest to the Portugueze.

"The tane was buried in Mary's kirk,
The tother in Marie's quair;
And out o' the tane there sprang a birk,
And out o' tother a brier.

And thae twa met, and they twa plat,
The birk but and the brier;
And by that ye may very weel ken
They were two Lovers dear."

The Senhor de Almeida-Garrett composed this Romance from three different fragments; the first Eginaldo called by the people Girinaldo; the second and third are interwoven with Clara-linda, or Clara-lindes, which the Castilians called Clara-niña, giving to the

* Minstrelsy vol. iii.

Romance the name of Conde Claros. The pipes mentioned in the Ballad are the Bagpipes.

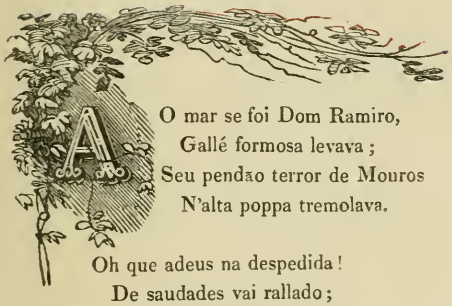
The concluding piece is entitled "O Chapim d'El-Rei, ou Parras Verdes." The King's Slipper, or Green Leaves of the Vineyard. The word Chapim is literally a clog or patten, as also a sandal used by actors in Tragedy—we have thought the word slipper more fitting. This poem is a Chacra, of which there are many extant in Portugal. In it the narrative is rendered highly dramatic by the speeches of some or other of the personages who figure in it, whilst the poet has not much to say. The piece has been reconstructed from fragments of antient popular compositions and the author was almost induced to withhold it, afraid that he might be accused of imposture as were our Macpherson and his own countryman Fr. Bernardo de Brito. The fragments were communicated by the kindness of Senhor Rivara, and were partly in prose and partly in verse; a state in which many of these pieces are found. They were verified afterwards by discoveries made in the neighbourhood of Lisbon. The personage called Mordomo in the poem was the Steward of the Household of the king.

Minstrelsy.

ERRATA.

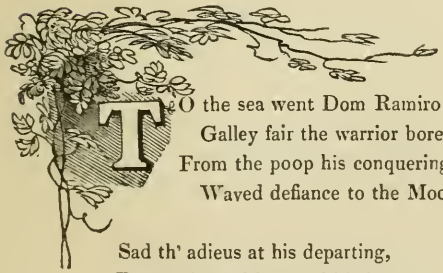
Page 24, line 13, for pitie's *read* pities.
43, 18, for King *read* King's.

Bernal-Francez.



AO mar se foi Dom Ramiro,
Gallé formosa levava;
Seu pendão terror de Mouros
N'alta poppa tremolava.

Oh que adeus na despedida!
De saudades vai rallado;
Com tantos annos de amores,
Não tem um de desposado.



TO the sea went Dom Ramiro
Galley fair the warrior bore,
From the poop his conquering pennon
Waved defiance to the Moor.

Sad th' adieus at his departing,
Pangs of anguish rack'd his breast;
Many a year an anxious lover—
Scarce twelve moons a husband blest.

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Nem ha dama em toda a Hespanha
Tam bella como é Violante;
Não a houvera egual no mundo
Se ella fôra mais constante.

Bate o mar na barbacan
Do castello alevantado,
So a vela * na alta tôrre
Não cede ao somno pezado.

Tudo o mais repousa e dorme,
Tudo é silencio ao redor;
Dobra o recato nas portas
Com a ausencia do senhor.

You may not find a Spanish maiden
As Violante fair to view—
Peerless she among earth's daughters,
Had the heart been leal and true!

Loud beats the sea against the basement
Of the castle's towering steep,
One only eye in that lone turret
Keeps the watch that knows not sleep.

All is deep repose and slumber—
All is silence—close the ward
Of jealous gate and stout portcullis
While away the warrior Lord!

* Vigia.

Mas a certa hora da noite
Se ve luz n'uma setteira,
E logo cruzar por perto
Leve barca aventureira.

Muitas noites que passaram,
Manso esteja ou bravo o mar,
A mesma luz, á mesma hora,
A mesma barca a passar.

E isto ignora o bom Rodrigo,
Que tam fiel prometteu
De guardar a seu senhor
Juramento que lhe deu?

Still, at witching hour of midnight,
Gleams on high a tiny spark;
And ever silent underneath it
Floats a swift and vent'rous bark—

And as night to night succeeded,
Smooth or rough might be the sea—
Still above the light would tremble—
Still beneath the bark would be.

Knew'st thou this, good Roderigo?
Had'st forgot the sacred word?
With many a solemn pledge and promise
Plighted to thine absent Lord?

Sabera, não sabera :
  Mas a c'ravella ligeira
Que aopé da torre varada
  Jazia alli na ribeira,

Uma noite escura e feia
  Na praia menos se achou ;
Quem n'ella foi não se sabe,
  Mas onde foi não tornou.

E o farol que no alto luz
  Á mesma hora a brilhar . . .
So a barca aventureira
  Não foi vista hoje passar.

Aye ! or nay ! no man may answer—
  Yet the vent'rous caraval
Still rocked beneath that guarded tower
  Silent still the warder's call !—

One night at length full dark and drear, it
  Parted from the wonted shore—
Who it bore no man can tell us—
  But it came again no more.

As returned the hour of trysting
  Soft the light began to gleam—
But no swift advent'rous pinnace
  Answer'd to the luring beam !

E d'um lado aopé da rocha
Havia um falso postigo:
So o sabem Dom Ramiro,
Violante e o fiel Rodrigo.

Mas alta noite, horas mortas,
Gente que o postigo entrava,
E á porta de Violante
Manso bater se escutava.

'Quem bate á minha porta,
Quem bate, oh! quem 'stá ahi?'
—'Sou Bernal francez, senhora,
Vossa porta a amor abri.'

Where the rock rebuts the billow
Ope'd a secret postern gate—
Known alone to Dom Ramiro,
Warder tried and loving mate.

But, at deadly hour of midnight,
Thro' that portal one hath gone;
Who ere while stands gently knocking
At the Lady's Bower—alone!

"Who without so rudely knocking
Slumber from mine eyes would move;"
"Bernal am I of France, fair Lady!
"Open to your Knight and love!"

Ao descer do leito d'ouro
A fina hollanda rasgou,
Ao abrir mansinho a porta
A luz que se lhe apagou:

Pela mão tremente o toma,
Ao seu apposento o guia:
'Como treme, amor querido,
Ésta mão, como está fria!'

E com osculos ardentes
E no seio palpitante
Que lhe aquece as frias mãos
A namorada Violante.

From her bed of gold descending,
Robe of flowing silk she tore—
And the gust her lamp extinguish'd,
Gently tho' she ope'd the door.

By the trembling hand she led him
To her bower, this Leman bold—
"How trembles all my bosom's treasure!
"And this hand how chill and cold!"

Then, with sighs and burning kisses,
In her palpitating breast
By the faithless Violante
Were those chilly hands caress'd.

‘ De longe vens ? ’—‘ De mui longe.’
—‘ Bravo estava o mar ! ’—‘ Tremendo.’
—‘ Armado vens ! ’—Não responde.
Vai-lhe as armas desprendendo.

Em pura essencia de rosas
O amado corpo banhou,
E em seu leito regallado
A par de si o deitou.

‘ Meia noite ja é dada
Sem para mim te voltares,
Que tens tu, querido amante,
Que me incobres teus pezares !

“ Hast thou come from far”—“ Aye marry”
“ Rough the sea ? ” “ As rocks above ”
“ Com’st thou arm’d ? ” not waiting answer
Straight to loose each clasp she strove.

In essence pure of Arab Roses
Quick the welcome form she bath’d,
And on her dainty couch she laid him,
All in folds of fragrance swathed.

“ Fast the weary night is wasting,
“ Whisper none dost thou impart ?
“ What ails my Love ? let Violante
“ Share the woes of that lov’d heart ?

' Se temes de meus irmãos,
Elles não virão aqui ;
Se de meu cunhado temes,
Não é homem para ti.

' Meus criados e vassallos
Por essa tôrre a dormir
Nem de nosso amor suspeitam,
Nem o podem descubrir.

' Se de meu marido temes,
A longes terras andou,
Por la o detenham Mouros,
Saudades ca não deixou.'

" Is't thou fear'st my noble brothers ?
" Here their foot shall never fall,
" Or doth Ramiro's kinsman daunt thee ?
" Feeble he to match Bernal "—

" Unconscious all my sottish vassals
" Soundly sleep in cell and tower—
" Safe our love, the eye of mortal
" Ne'er shall pierce this hidden bower ? "

" Fear'st Ramiro ?—well thou know'st him,
" Gone o'er fields of fame to roam ;
" Long O lusty Moor detain him !
" No regret shall haste him home."—

'Eu não temo os teus criados,
Meus criados tambem são;
Irmãos nem cunhado temo,
São meus cunhados e irmão.

'De teu marido não temo
Nem tenho de que temer . . .
Aqui está aopé de ti,
Tu é que deves tremer.'

E o sol ja no oriente erguido
Da tôrre ameias dourava;
Violante mais bella que elle
Para a morte caminhava:

"Fear I not thy sleeping vassals—
"Since mine own these vassals be!
"Fear I not or frere or kinsman—
"Frere and kinsman both to me!

"Fear I never Don Ramiro
"Injur'd Lord—behold him here!
"Here beside thee—faithless Leman!
"Thine the heart may quail with fear!"

—Fair the rosy sun new ris'n
Tips with gold each rock and tower—
Fairer still—to meet the Headsman
Violante leaves her bower.

Alva tella aspera e dura
Veste o corpo delicado,
Por cintura rijo esparto
Em grosseiro laço atado.

Choram pagens e donzellas,
Que a piedade o crime esquece;
O proprio offendido espôso
Com tal vista se internece.

Dá signal a campa triste,
O algoz o cutello affia . . .
' Meu senhor, mereço a morte,
A malfadada dizia,

Coarse and harsh the Sackcloth mantle
That those gentle limbs have on;
Rough and rude the rope that binds her—
Rope in place of jewel'd zone.

Weep the pages—weep the maidens—
Pity bids forget the crime—
Down the beard of injured Husband
Rain the tears like melting rhime.

Deep and dull the death-bell tolling
Signal gives the axe to raise;
" Welcome death, the death I merit "—
(Thus that erring Lady prays)—

' De joelhos, Dom Ramiro,
Humilde perdão vos peço,
Perdoae-me por piedade,
A morte não, que a mereço :

' Da affronta que vos hei feito
Por minha triste cegueira
Dae-me quitação co'a morte
N'ésta hora derradeira :

' Mas so eu sou criminosa
Do aggravo que vos fiz,
Não tireis, senhor, vingança
D'esse misero, infeliz . . . '

" Low before thee, Don Ramiro,
" In the dust a boon I crave—
Pardon for the sake of pity
Pardon—not that life shall save—

" But for the deadly wrong I've done thee!
" Wrong that made thy bosom bleed,
" Assoil me as I cower before thee
" In this my hour of bitter need.—

" Faithless—I alone am guilty—
" Never let thy vengeance fall
" On him my baneful charms deluded,
" Spare the wretched Knight Bernal! "

Talvez ia perdoar-lhe
O espôso compadecido,
Renovou-se-lhe o odio todo,
D'aquelle rôgo offendido:

O semblante roxo d'íra
Para não vê-la torceu,
E co'a esquerda mão alçada
O fatal accêno deu.

Sôbre o collo crystallino,
Desmaiado, e inda tam bello,
De golpe tremendo e subito
Cai o terrivel cutello.

Quick the husband's love was kindling,
Pardon trembled on his tongue—
But at name of hated Bernal
Ruth and pity far he flung—

Flush'd his face with vengeful anger,
As from her he fain would save
He tore his glance—and arm uplifting
Mad the fatal signal gave—

On that neck so clear and crystal,
Beauteous yet, though deadly white—
With a vigour fierce and fatal
Did the Henchman's axe alight.

Oh! que procissão que sai
Da antiga porta da tôrre!
Que gente que acode a ve-la,
Que povo que triste corre!

Tochas de pallida cera
Nas trevas da noite escura
Vão dando luz baça e triste,
Luz que guia á sepultura:

Cubertos com seus capuzes
Rezam frades ao-redor,
A dobrar desintoados
Os sinos causam terror...

Oh what dense and long procession
From the antient gate departs!
Gathering crowds in silence see it—
Gathering crowds with aching hearts.

Torches and pale waxen tapers
Thro' the darkness and the gloom
Cast a dim and mournful glimmer—
Glimmer guiding to the Tomb.

Closed, within their hooded mantles,
Friars a requiem chaunt around;
Throb all hearts with aweful terror
At the bell's appalling sound.

Duas noites são passadas,
Ja não ha luz na setteira,
Mas passando e repassando
Anda a barca aventureira.

Linda barca tam ligeira
Que nenhum mar soçobrou
O farol que te guiava,
Ja não luz, ja se apagou.

A tua linda Violante,
O teu incanto tam bello,
Por ti te.e feia morte,
Crua morte de cutello.

Twice the moon her course hath wander'd—
In that loophole all is dark—
Yet o'er the channel, swiftly passing,
Plies the swift advent'rous bark.—

Pretty Bark so light and buoyant—
Bark each billowy sea could brave—
The beam, that erst was wont to guide thee,
Ne'er again shall tinge the wave!

Lo, thy gentle Violante,
Queen of every witching charm;
For thee a dismal death hath suffered,
Fall'n beneath the Headsman's arm.

Na igreja de San' Gil
Ouves a campa a dobrar,
Ves essas tochas ao longe?
Ella que vai a interrar.

Ja se fez o interramento,
Ja cahiu a louza fria,
So na igreja solitaria
Um cavalleiro se via;

Vestido de dó tam negro,
E mais negro o coraçaõ,
Sóbra e fresca sepultura
De rôjo se atira ao chaõ:

From Tower of St. Gil resounding
Hear'st thou not the knelling boom?
See'st thou not the torches glimmer?
Slow they bear her to the Tomb.

And now the funeral rites are over
Fix'd the cold sepulchral stone—
In those aisles, so lately crowded,
A cavalier is seen alone!

All of black his mournful raiment—
Blacker still his bosom's wound—
As by the new made grave despairing,
Flat he cast him on the ground.

‘ Abre-te, ó campa sagrada,
Abre-te a um infeliz ! . .
Seremos na morte unidos
Ja que em vida o ceo não quiz.

‘ Abre-te, ó campa sagrada
Que escondes tal formosura,
Esconde tambem meu crime
Com a sua desventura.

‘ Vida que eu viver não quero,
Vida que eu so tinha n’ella,
Recebe-a, ó campa sagrada,
Que não posso ja soffrê-la.’

“ Open, holy Tomb, thy portals—
“ Ope a broken heart to hide—
“ Ope and fix in death that union,
“ Life to hapless love denied !

“ Open, holy Tomb, thy portals !—
“ Hiding charms so passing bright—
“ My dark crime, with her ill-fortune,
“ Bury in eternal night.

“ Open, holy Tomb thy portals !—
“ Take a gift that I disown—
“ Let me yield for Violante
“ Life that lived on her alone !

E o pranto de correr,
E os soluços de estallar,
E a mão que leva á espada
Para alli se traspassar.

Mas a mão gelou no punho
Voz que da campa se erguia,
Voz que ainda é suave e doce,
Mas tam medonha e tam fria,
Do sepulchro tam cortada,
Que as carnes lhe arripia
E a vida deixou parada:

Fell his tears—fell fast and freely—
Groans of anguish heav'd his breast—
Firm he grasp'd his trusty faulchion.
So to give his sorrows rest.

But on the hilt his hand was frozen!
From the dark sepulchral mould
Arose a voice, still sweet and tender,
But so fearful and so cold.—

Cold as the clay from which it sounded,
Terror through each nerve it spoke;
The pulse of life was all suspended
Cramp'd as tho' by palsy stroke!

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‘ Vive, vive, cavalleiro,
Vive tu que eu ja vivi;
Morte que me deu meu crime,
Fui eu so que a mereci.

‘ Ai n’este gêlo da campa,
Onde tudo é frio horror,
So da existencia conservo
Meu remorso e meu amor !

‘Braços com que te abraçava
Ja nāo teem vigor em si;
Cobre a terra humida e dura
Os olhos com que te vi;

“ Live, Sir Knight, O live belov’d !
“ Live tho’ I no longer live—
“ Mine alone, who have deserv’d it,
“ Be the death our crime should give.

“ Alas, beneath this frozen marble
“ Where cold horror laps my corse,
“ All that seems to hint existence
“ Is my love and my remorse !

“ Arms, with which I once embrac’d thee,
“ Fix’d and rigid lie compos’d—
“ Eyes, which fondly gaz’d upon thee,
“ Clods of callous earth have clos’d.

‘ Boca com que te bejava
Ja não tem sabor em si ;
Coração com que te amava . . .
Ai ! so n’esse não morri !

‘ Vive, vive, cavalleiro.
Vive, vive, e sê ditoso ;
E apprende em meu triste fado
A ser pae e a ser espôso :

‘ Donzella com quem casares
Chama-lhe tambem Violante :
Não amará mais do que eu . . .
Mas—que seja mais constante !

“ The mouth forsworn with which I kiss’d thee
“ Boasts no more its honied dew—
“ The treach’rous heart with which I lov’d thee !
“ Oh ! would that that were senseless too !

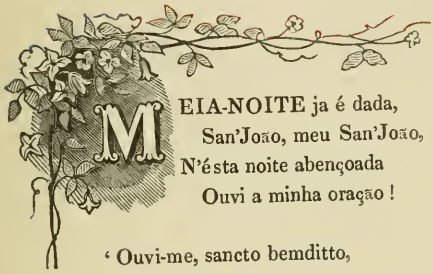
“ Live Sir Knight—O live belov’d !
“ Live and may’st thou blessed be !
“ And oh, thy life as husband—father
“ Guide by warning thought of me.

“ The happy maiden whom thou chooseth
Give her Violante’s name—
“ Be she in love a Violante—
“ In love—but nought besides the same.

‘ Filhas que d’ella tiveres
Ensina-as melhor que a mi,
Que se não percam por homens
Como me eu perdi por ti. ’

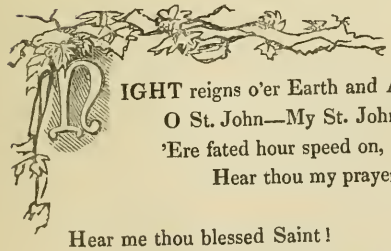
“ The treasur’d children she may bear thee ;
Purer than mine their culture be
“ That ne’er they lose themselves in passion,
“ As I have lost myself for thee.”

Noite De San'João.



MEIA-NOITE ja é dada,
San'João, meu San'João,
N'ésta noite abençoada
Ouvi a minha oração!

'Ouvi-me, sancto bemditto,
Ouvi a minha oração,
Com ser eu moira nascida
E vós um sancto christão:



NIGHT reigns o'er Earth and Air—
O St. John—My St. John
'Ere fated hour speed on,
Hear thou my prayer!

Hear me thou blessed Saint!
Christian Saint, hear my prayer,
Tho' my faith Moslem were
Thine without taint.

'Que eu ja deixei a Mafoma
E a sua lei do alkorão,
E so quero a vós, meu sancto,
Sancto do meu Dom João.

'Como eu queimo ésta alcachofa
Em vossa fogueira benta,
Amor queime a saudade
Que no peito me arrebenta.

'Como arde ésta alcachofa
Na vossa fogueira benta.
Assim arda a negra barba
Do moiro que me atormenta.

Far from Mohammed gone,
Alkoran nought to me,
I bow my heart to thee,
Saint of Dom John!

As I consume this plant
In the fire made to thee
Love glows anew in me—
Hear my heart pant!

As burns this plant on floor
In the fire lit for thee,
So let the black beard be
Of threatening Moor!

'Como ésta fogueira abraza
A minha alcachofa benta,
Ao meu cavalleiro abraze
A chamma de amor violenta.

'Sacudi do alto do ceo
Vossa cappella de flores,
Que n'este ramo queimado
Renasçam por meus amores.

'Orvalhadas milagrosas
Que saram de tantas dores,
N'este coração, meu sancto,
Apaguem n'os meus ardores.

As burns the kindling light
This thy devoted flow'r
So may Love's genial pow'r
Kindle my knight!

From height of heav'n amain
Scatter the garlands gay
That in this Love spell may
Spring forth again—

Marvellous falling Dews
That cure Love's burning grief
My Saint! their cool relief
Do not refuse!

'San'João, meu San'João,
Sancto de tantos primores,
N'ésta noite abençoada,
Oh! trazei-me os meus amores!'

Ja se apagava a fogueira,
Ja se acabava a oração,
Ainda está de joelhos
A moira no seu balcão.

Os olhos tinha alongados,
Batia-lhe o coração:
Muita fe tem aquella alma,
Grande é sua devoção!

Saint! whom soft pitie's move,
O St. John, my St. John,
'Ere glide this blest night on
Bring me my love!

No more the fire you see—
Hush'd is the gushing pray'r
Yet still the maiden there
Bends on the knee.—

Upraised her anxious eye
While throbs the glowing breast
Where Faith and Meekness rest
With Purity.

Ouviu-a o sancto bemditto :
  Que, por sua intercessão,
D'aquelle extasi accordava
  Nos braços de Dom João.

Kindly the Saint look'd on
    And by his fav'ring aid
    Blooms now that happy maid
      Bride of Dom John!

Rosalinda.

ERA por manhan de maio,
Quando as aves a piar,
As árvores e as flores,
Tudo se ande a namorar;

Era por manhan de maio,
A fresca riba do mar,
Quando a infanta Rosalinda
Alli se estava a toucar.

IT was the early morn of May Day,
When the song birds wake the grove,
And teeming trees and opening flowers
Own the glow of kindling love.

It was the early morn of May Day,
On the fresh bank of the wave
Sat the Infanta Rosalinda
Bent her flowing locks to lave.

Trazem das flores vermelhas,
  Das brancas para a infeitar;
Tam lindas flores como ella
  Não n'as poderam achar.

Que é Rosalinda mais linda
  Que a rosa que o nenuphar,
Mais pura que a açucena
  Que a manhan abre a chorar.

Passava o conde almirante
  Na sua gallé do mar;
Tantos remos tem por banda
  Que se não podem contar;

Flowers they bring her red and rosy
  Flowers they bring her virgin white—
But on a blossom soft as she is
  Questing eye may never light.

Softer far is Rosalinda
  Than the rose that decks the thorn—
Purer than the purest Lily
  That opes to weep at dewy morn.

The Count-High Admiral passed by her
  In his galley of the sea—
On each side so many rowers
  Told aright they may not be.

Captivos qne a vão remando
A Moirama os foi tomar;
D'elles são grandes senhores,
D'elles de sangue real:

Que não ha moiro seguro
Entre Ceuta e Gibraltar
Mal sai o conde almirante
Na sua gallé do mar.

Oh que tam linda galera,
Que tam certo é seu remar!
Mais lindo capitão leva,
Mais certo no marear.

Of the captive bands who row'd it—
All from Afric's bosom torn—
Some were proud and mighty nobles
Some of kingly blood were born.

Betwixt Ceuta and Gibraltar
If one Moor in safety be,
Ill at ease the Lord Count saileth
In his galley of the sea.

O! how gentle glides the galley
Answering well the guiding oar—
More gentle still he who commands it,
Skill'd to leave or gain the shore.

'Dizei-me, o conde almirante
Da vossa gallé do mar,
Se os captivos que tomais
Todos los fazeis remar?'

Dizei-me, a bella infanta,
Linda Rosa sem egual,
Se os escravos que tendes
Todos vos sabem toucar?'

'Cortez sois, Dom Almirante:
Sem responder, perguntar!'
—'Responder, responderei;
Mas não vos heisde infadar.

"Count Lord Admiral tell me truly
From your galley of the sea,
If the captives that you conquer
All to row compelled be?"

"Fair Infanta! tell me truly—
Without equal, Rose so fair!
The many slaves that gladly tend thee
Tire they all thy flowing hair?"

"Art thou courteous, Count! so lordly
Asking thus—not answering me?
Answer thou, and I will answer,
To me thou must not silent be."

‘ Captivas tenho de todos,
Mais bastos que um aduar;
Uns que mareiam as vélas,
Outros no banco a remar:

‘ As captivas que são lindas
Na poppa vão a dançar,
Tecendo alfombras de flores
P’ra seu senhor se deitar.’

—‘ Respondeis, respondo eu,
Que é boa lei de pagar:
Tenho escravos para tudo,
Que fazem o meu mandar;

“ Of the slaves who round me muster
Each the allotted task doth know,
Some aloft the sails to manage,
Some upon the bench to row.

The lady captives soft and gentle
Twine on deck the mazy dance—
Deftly weaving flowery carpets,
Couch for Lord in dreamy trance.”

“ Thou’st answer’d, and I answer thee—
For good the law that bids re-pay.
I have slaves for every purpose—
Slaves who all my will obey.

' D'elles para me vestir,
  D'elles para me toucar . . .
Para um so tenho outro imprêgo,
  Mas está, por captivar.'

—' Captivo está, tam captivo
  Que se não quer resgatar.
Rema, a terra a terra, moiros,
  Voga certo, e a varar! '

Ja se foi a Rosalinda
  Com o almirante a folgar:
Fazem sombra as larangeiras,
  Goivos lhe dão cabeçal.

Some to fit my varied vestments
  Some to tire my flowing hair—
For one I keep another office,
  But him my toils must yet ensnare! '

" He's ta'en—he's thine! So fully captur'd
  That ne'er would he be ransom'd more!
Pull to the land—the land, ye vassals,
  And drive the galley high ashore! "

Then sweet with fairest Rosalinda
  And noble Count the moments sped—
While orange groves her form o'ershadow'd
  And flowrets garlanded her head.

Mas fortuna, due não deixa
A nenhum bem sem dezar,
Faz que um monteiro d'elrei
Por alli venha a passar.

'Oh monteiro, do que viste,
Monteiro, não vás contar:
Dou-te tantas bolsas de oiro
Quantas tu possas levar.'

Tudo o que viu o monteiro
A elrei o foi contar,
Á casa da estudaria
Aonde estava a estudar.

But crabbed fate, that will not suffer
Any good without allay,
Led the steps of the king's huntsman,
As he roam'd to walk that way.

"What thine eyes have seen, O huntsman!
Huntsman! prithee do not tell—
Purses fill'd with gold I give thee—
As much as thou can carry well."

All the royal huntsman witness'd
Did he to the King make known,
On study bent in private closet
Thoughtful sitting and alone.

‘ Se á puridade o disseras,
Tença te havia de dar:
Quem taes novas da tam alto,
Alto hade ir . . . a inforcar.

‘ Arma, arma, meus archeiros
Sem charamellas tocar!
Cavalleiros e piões,
Tudo a tapada a cercar.’

Inda não é meio dia,
Começa a campa a dobrar;
Inda não é meia noite
Vão ambos a degollar:

‘ Whisper low the news you bring me—
And we give thee guerdon rare,
Raise on high thy voice to sound it—
And we hang thee high in air.

To arms—to arms my faithful Archers
Without the rousing war-pipes sound—
My Cavaliers, and trusty foot-men
Haste the grove to circle round!”

It is not yet the glow of mid-day—
Loud and long the bell doth boom!
It is not yet the gloom of midnight—
Walk they both to meet their doom!

Ao toque de ave-marias
  Foram ambos a interrar;
A infanta no altar mor,
  Elle á porta principal.

Na cova de Rosalinda
  Nasce uma árvore real,
Na cova do almirante
  Nasceu um lindo rosal:

Elrei, assim que tal soube,
  Mandou-os logo cortar,
Que os fizessem em lenha
  Para no lume queimar.

To the Sound of Ave-Marias,
  Both are tomb'd in solemn state—
She before the altar holy,
  He beneath the western gate.

Soon the grave of Rosalinda
  Did a Royal tree disclose—
Soon the grave of Count so noble
  Show'd a bed of softest rose.

When the Monarch heard the marvels
  Quick he bade them both destroy,—
Giving to the ruthless flame each
  Record of departed joy.

Cortados e recortados,
Tornavam a rebentar;
E o vento que os incostava,
E elles iam-se abraçar.

Elrei, quando tal ouviu,
Nunca mais pôde fallar;
A rainha, que tal soube,
Cahia logo mortal:

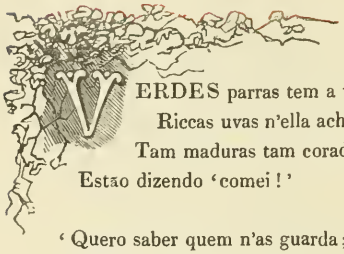
'Não me chamem mais rainha,
Rainha de Portugal...
Apartei dous innocentes
Que Deus queria juntar!'

The trees they cut, and roses scatter
Still the emblems thrive again—
E'en as the air which them embracing
Feeleth neither wound nor pain.

The King when he was told the story,
Ceased he to speak for aye
And when the Queen the wonder heard
Moan'd she thus her dying lay.

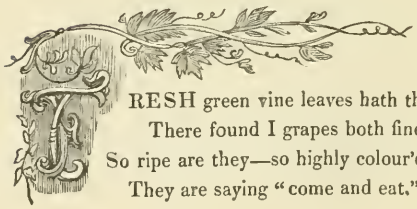
"Call me not Queen!—a Queen no longer,
She who such dread deed hath done!
Two spotless souls I've rent asunder—
Whom heav'n would fain have joined in one!'

O Chapim D'ElRei, ou Parras Verdes.



VERDES parras tem a vinha,
Riccas uvas n'ella achei,
Tam maduras tam coradas . . .
Estão dizendo 'comei!'

'Quero saber quem n'as guarda;
Ide, mordomo, e sabei:'
Disse o rei ao seu mordomo.
Mas porque o dizia o rei?



FRESH green vine leaves hath the vineyard,
There found I grapes both fine and sweet,
So ripe are they—so highly colour'd—
They are saying "come and eat."

"I wish to know who 'tis that guards them—
Haste, Mordōmo! haste and know"
Says the King to his Mordōmo,
But why did the king say so?

Porque viu n'aquelle monte
—E como elle o viu não sei—
Essa donna imparedada,
Não se saba por que lei,

Que por seu mal é condessa,
Condessa de Valderey:
Antes ser pobre e villan,
Antes pela minha fei!

Verdes parras tem a vinha;
Uvas que lhe víra elrei
Tam maduras, tam coradas,
Estão dizendo 'comei!

Because the king saw in that mountain,
How saw he her I do not know—
That incomparable Donna—
My reading does not tell me how.

Who to her sorrow is a Countess,
Countess she of Valderey;
Rather would she, by my halidom,
Rather—a poor peasant be.

Fresh green vine leaves hath the vineyard
Grapes which the king will go to greet—
So ripe are they, so highly colour'd
They are saying "come and eat."

Veio o mordomo do monte:
‘ Boas novas, senhor rei!
A vinha anda bem guardada,
Mas eu sempre la entrei.

‘ O donno foi-se a outras terras,
Quando voltará não sei;
A porta é velha, e a porteira
Com chave de ouro a tentei.

‘ Serve a chave á maravilha,
Tudo porfim ajustei:
Ésta noite á meia-noite
Comvosco á vendima irei.’

Comes the Mordōmo from the mountain,
“ Best of news to you I bring;
Though the vineyard is well guarded,
Yet have I enter'd—Senhor King! —

“ The owner is in other countries;
When comes he back, I cannot say,
The gate is old—the yielding portress
To key of gold gave ready way.

“ To a wonder that key serv'd me,
All was soon adjusted so,
That this eve at hour of midnight
With you I'll to the vintage go.”

—' Valeis um reino, mordomo,
Grandes mercês vos farei:
Esta noite á meia-noite
Riccas uvas comerei.

' A vinha tem parras verdes,
Mas uvas que eu lhe avistei
São maduras, são tam bellas,
Estão dizendo ' comei ! '

Ao pino da meia-noite
Foi mordomo e foi o rei:
Doblas que deram á velha,
Um conto que nem eu sei.

" Your'e worth a kingdom "—my Mordōmo!
Grand reward I'll make to thee;
This eve then, at the hour of midnight
Rich grapes shall be eat by me."

Fresh green vine leaves hath the vineyard
More grapes than I before did meet—
So beautiful and so ripe are they
They are saying "come and eat."

In the dead of the midnight hour
Went the Mordōmo—went the king—
Of Doblas to the portress giv'n,
'Tis not for me the account to sing.

‘ Mordomo ficae á porta,
Á porta, que eu entrarei ;
Não me saltem cães na vinha
Em quanto eu vendimarei.’

A porteira o que lhe importa
E o dá-me que te darei . . .
No camarim da condessa
Veis agora entrar o rei.

Levava um candil acceso,
Era de prata, sabei :
Não ha senão prata e oiro
Na casa de Valderey.

“Mordõmo ! stay you at the portal—
The portal where I enter in—
Let not guard dogs with me grapple,
Whil’st the grapes I’m gathering.”

The portress now to meet his wish,
Exchange for what he gave doth bring :—
At the chamber of the Countess
Behold there entereth the king.

She bore a lamp both rich and massy,
It was of silver I could see—
Nought but of silver or of gold
Is in the house of Valderey.

Da vinha as parras são verdes,
As uvas maduras sei,
São tam coradas, tam bellas . . .
D'ellas—quando comerei!

No camarim da condessa
Tudo andava á mesma lei,
Era o ceo d'aquelle anjo;
Que mais vos diga não sei.

Riccas sedas de Millão,
Toalhas de Courtenay . , .
Tremia o rei—se era susto,
Se era de gôsto não sei.

The fresh green leaves are in the vineyard,
The grapes in it are ripe and sweet;
So beautiful—so warmly colour'd—
Ah me, of them when shall I eat?

All in the chamber of the Countess
Gold was with silver suited well,
It was the Heav'n of that Angel,
No more hath my poor tongue to tell.

Rich silks were there of Millaõ,
The towels were of Courteney;
The King he trembled— if from terror
Or from good faith, I cannot say.

Cortinas de seda verde
  Vai ergo não erguerei . . .
Tal clarão lhe deu na vista,
  Como não cahiu não sei.

Era uma tal formosura . . .
  Ora que mais vos derei?
Outro primor como aquelle
  Não vistes nem eu verei.

Verdes parras tem a vinha,
  Riccas uvas lhe avistei,
Tam formosas, tam maduras,
  Estão dizendo—'comei!'

Green silk curtains hung before him,
  Still he ne'er essay'd to raise;
The vision bright I may not sing,
  That daunted thus his baffled gaze.

It was a thing so passing lovely,
  What more to say I do not ween—
Dainties other such as this,
  You may not see, nor have I seen.

Fresh green vine leaves hath the vineyard
  Saw I there grapes ripe and sweet—
So beautiful and so ripe are they—
  They are saying "come and eat."

Dormia tam descançada
  Como eu no ceo dormirei
Quando for tam innocente . . .
  Jesus! se eu la chegarei!

De joelhos toda a noite
  Alli fica o bom do rei
Pasmado a olhar para ella
  Sem bulir nem mão nem pei

E dizia: 'Senhor Deus!
  Perdoae-me o que ja pequei,
Mas este anjo de innocencia
  Não sou eu que offenderei.'

Slept she there so undisturb'd
  As I in heav'n above shall sleep—
Jesus! when I find thee there,
  If innocent thy law I keep.

On his knees then all the night
  Good did the King ill thought withstand;
Gazing, wond'ring thus to see her
  Without moving foot or hand.

And thus he said—"Oh God my sire!
  Pardon what I ask'd before—
This angel here so pure and bright
  It is not I will injure her."

Tem verdes parras a vinha;
Lindas uvas que eu lhe achei,
Tenho medo que me travem
D'ellas, ai! não comerei,

Ja vinha arraiando o dia,
E elle como vos contei . . .
Ouve apitar o mordomo . . .
'Jesus, senhor, me valei!'

Era o signal ajustado
—Vindo o conde, apitarei—
Deixou cahir as cortinas
Dizendo: 'Não vendimei!

The vineyard hath fresh green leaves in it
Grapes found I in it ripe and sweet
But I fear to tamper with them—
Ah! of them I will not eat.

Now came on the shining morrow—
Then it was, as goes the tale—
The Mordōmo a whistle heard
"Jesus Lord now me avail!"

This was the appointed signal
The mode the Count was us'd to take—
The king did not the curtains draw
Saying, "I will not vintage make."

Lindas parras tem a vinha,
Bellas uvas n'ella achei,
Mas doeu-me a consciencia,
Taes uvas não comerei.

Deita a correr com tal pressa
Que voava o bom do rei:
'Ai que perdi um chapim! . . '
—'Tomae, que um meu vos darei:

'Mas nem um instante mais,
Que o conde ja avistei
Descendo d'aquella altura;
Se nos colherá não sei . . .'

Beautiful green leaves hath the vineyard
In it I found grapes lovely sweet,
But my conscience inward grieves me,
Grapes like these I will not eat.

Mordõmo ran with rapid vigour
In order that the king may flee—
"Alas a slipper I have lost"—
"Take one of mine I give to thee."

They fled, but in another instant
Since the whistle they did hear
Descends the Count from off the mountain,
"If he shall catch us woe and fear."

Era o medo do mordomo:
  Outro era o medo do rei.
Qual d'elles tinha razão
  Agora vo-lo direi.

    Parras verdes viu na vinha,
      Uvas maduras de lei;
    Foi travo da consciencia,
      Diz: 'D'ellas não comerei.'

Chega o conde á sua tôrre,
  O conde de Valderey,
Topou n'um chapim bordado;
Como ficou não direi.

One fear harass'd the Mordõmo,
  Other fear assail'd the King,
Which of them had reason greater
  Soon unto you will I sing.

    Green leaves saw I in the vineyard
      Grapes quite ripe and richly sweet—
    But, by his tender conscience guarded,
      Quoth the King, "I will not eat."

Seeketh now the Count his tower—
  The valiant Count of Valderey;
He lit upon the broider'd slipper,
  How it chanc'd I cannot say.

Vai-se ao quarto da condessa:
" Morrerá, matá-la-hei.'
Viu-a a dormir tam serena:
' Jesus! não sei que farei!'

Corre a casa ao deredor:
' Deus me tenha em sua lei,
Que ou ésta mulher é bruxa
Ou eu c'o chapim sonhei!

O chapim aqui o tenho,
O chapim bem n'o topei...
Mas que durma assim tam manso
Quem tal fez, não o crerei.'

To the chamber of the Countess
Goes he—will he strike the blow?
Serenely sleeping doth he see her:
"Jesus! I know not what to do."

In disorder is the household—
"God have me in his holy keep,
Either witch must be this woman
Or this same slipper mock'd my sleep."

"The slipper which I have before me
The slipper it bespeaks no good,
Who could think that she could slumber
In so pure and gentle mood."

Entrou a scismar n'aquillo:
'Valha-me Deus! que farei?
Por menos fica homem doudo;
E eu como o não ficarei?

'Minha vinha tam guardada!
Uvas que n'ella deixei
Não é fructa que se conte...
Da que me falta não sei.'

Foi-se fechar no mais alto
Da tôrre de Valderey:
'Não quero comer do pão,
Nem do vinho beberei;

Wild the doubts that rise within him—
"Help me Heaven! with guiding light,
"Baffling madness louring round
"Forbids me see my path aright.

"Oh! my vineyard so well guarded!
"The precious grapes which there I left—
"Where is the fruit on which I counted?
"Tell me of which I am bereft?

Straight the Count himself imprison'd
In highest tower of Valderey—
"Ne'er shall bread assuage my hunger—
Ne'er shall wine my thirst allay—

Minhas barbas e cabellos
Tambem mais os não farei,
Que ésta verdade não saiba
D'aqui me não tirarei.'

'Verdes parras d'essa vinha
Uvas que eu não comerei,
Ficae-vos sêccas embora
Que eu ja'gora—morrerei.

Por tres dias e tres noites
Que se guarda aquella lei;
Clama a triste da condessa:
'Ao seu mal que lhe farei!'

"Beard and hair grown rough and ragged
"Care from me shall ne'er receive;—
"Till the truth be plain before me
"Ne'er will I this refuge leave.'

"Oh! ye green leaves of the vineyard
"Grapes that I no more may taste!
"Quickly may ye pine and wither,
"Quickly pine like me and waste.

Thrice the sun hath sunk and ris'n,
Still groaning thus he lonely sate—
While faithful Countess grieving utter'd,
"How shall I soothe his mournful state."

De quem foi ella valer-se?
  Agora vo-lo direi.
Foi lastimar-se a innocente...
  Onde iria?—ao proprio rei.

'Ide, condessa, ide embora,
  Que eu remedio lhe darei;
O segredo do seu mal
  Sei-o eu... Se o saberei?

'Palavra de cavalleiro
  Em lealdade vos darei
Que ou elle hade ser quem era
  Ou eu, quem sou, não serei.'

Whither may she flee for succour?
  Who shall aid and solace bring?
Innocence may challenge pity,
  Where shall she wend? Unto the King!

That I some remedy may find thee
  Faithful Countess quickly go,
The secret of his sad affliction
  Be't mine or here or there to know.

On leal word of Cavelleiro
  Troth and faith I plight to thee,
Pure she shall be found and spotless,
  Or I myself shall recreant be.

As verdes parras da vinha,
As uvas que eu cubicei,
Ellas a travar-me n'alma . . .
E mais d'ellas não provei!

Fôra d'alli a condessa,
Não tardou em ir o rei:
'Quero ouvir o que elles dizem,
A ésta porta escutarei.'

Ouviu uma voz celeste
Como tal nunca ouvirei,
Cantando em doce toado
Este triste vireley:

Oh! the green leaves of the Vine tree!
Grapes I sought with eager haste!
To the soul their beauty touch'd me—
Bloom so pure I dar'd not taste.—

Quickly thence the Countess hurried
To the King—nor tarried more,
What they say I wish to hear
So will I listen at the door.

Hist!—A voice of heavenly sweetness
Steals upon my ravished ears—
While this sad plaint the mourner sang
Mocking music of the spheres.

'Ja fui vinha bem cuidada,
Bem querida, bem trattada;
Como eu medrei!
Ora não sou nem serei:
O porquê não sei
Nem n'o saberei!'

Com as lagrymas nos olhos
Foi d'alli o bom do rei:
'Oiçamos agora o outro,
E o que sabe, saberei.'

—'Minha vinha tam guardada!
Quando n'ella entrei
Rastos do ladrão achei,

"Once I was a Vine well guarded
Taught by tending Love to grow—
Now I lack that fost'ring nurture—
Why—I scarce dare ask to know."

Then shone out the Royal goodness—
Tear of pity dimm'd his eye—
Quick of the other side inform me,
That the truth I may descry.—

'My fresh vineyard so well guarded,
When I enter'd it again,

Se me elle roubou não sei :
Como o saberei ? '

Era o conde a lastimar-se.
Surrindo dizia o rei :
—Se era de si ou do conde
Que elle se ria não sei—

'Eu fui que na vinha entrei,
Rastos de ladrão deixei,
Parras verdes levantei,
Uvas bellas
N'ellas—vi :
E assim Deus me salve a mi
Como, d'ellas
Não comi ! '

Trace of plundering thief I noted—
What he stole I ask in vain."

Ceased the Count o'erwhelm'd with sorrow,
But then laughing said the King—
(Whether at self or at the mourner
Aim'd that laugh I cannot sing.)

"'Twas I who did the vineyard enter,
Of plundering thief I left the trace—
Grapes I saw—but Heav'n so save me—
Not a grape did I displace.

A porta tinha uma fresta;
Tirou o chapim do pei,
Atirou-lh'o para dentro,
Disse-lhe: 'Vêde e sabei.'

Do mais que alli succedeu
Para que vos contarei?
O conde soube a verdade
E o rei soube—ser rei.

Verdes parras tem a vinha,
Riccas uvas la deixei:
Quem m'a guardou foi o medo . . .
De Dues e da sua lei.

A fracture was there in the portal
The slipper from my foot it tore—
Need'st thou proof? behold it here—
—Its fellow from within he bore.

Of the joy that followed after
Little need I more impart,
Glad the Count the truth admitted,
And the King play'd the kingly part.

"Fresh green leaves hath the vineyard
Richest grapes were those I saw;—
It was fear that kept them safely,
Fear of God and of his law."

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